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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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War.

All down the reeking trail of years the mailed armies go,
With waste of flags and bitter drums and dead hearts in a row;
Behind them, in the gloom of blood, the broken nations lie,
And o'er them wheels their gruesome god—a buzzard in the sky.

For some have marched with heathen curse and some with Christian prayer,
But all have paid the vulture god that glooms the darkened air;
And women knave and children know who hear the trumpet's breath
There is no God goes with them but the wheeling God of Death.

A thousand vineyards rot and die, a thousand hearths lie cold,
But still earth sends her armies up for some new name of gold,
And still the little mothers sit, with faces white and wan,
And watch the buzzards wheeling in the crimson smoke of dawn.

How long, O liege of heaven, ere thy fearful judgment cease,
What sin is in my brother's hand that will not give him peace,
What flaw is in the potter's clay that molds us to such shame,
And puts upon a murdered man the grinning mask of fame.

Down all the reeking trail of years the mailed armies go,
With waste of flags and bitter drums and dead hearts in a row,
And high above the blighted road their iron feet have trod,
I see the awful clouding wing that blots the face of God.

—Pack.

How She Saved the Bank

There are different ways of furthering one's getting on in the world. Short-sighted persons can see only one way, which is acting on the adage, "Every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Nevertheless men have made fortunes by helping others. The difference between this class and the other is that one acts with a view to bettering his condition, while the other acts through kindness of heart.

When I was a young man I obtained a position in a bank, and by attending faithfully to business rose to be cashier. I was economical, so far as my own personal expenses were concerned, but I don't think I was mean. I would never lend small sums to my young men companions, but when any one really needed assistance, would give it outright.

That I had good judgment in making investments is proved by the fact that my savings grew rapidly. When I was twenty-seven years I married Molly Erskine, aged twenty. A year after our marriage word came in from a western town that there was only one bank in the place and room for more. After talking the matter over with my wife I decided to start a bank there. I got some of the stockholders of the institution, with which I was connected, interested in the project and with my own capital in due time opened my doors for deposits.

I found that the man already established, John Redfield, had antagonized certain persons by declining to give them all the discounts they desired, and, there being no other banker in the town, they had taken steps to have one establish himself there. These persons welcomed me, opened accounts with me, and avowed that if I would do a liberal business and not be scared at trifles I would soon do all the business of the town.

I saw at once that Redfield was not pleased at the appearance of a rival and took secret means to discredit me. He kept the best and safest accounts, while the weakest came to me. But by adhering rigidly to fixed principles of banking, and acting on the supposition that there was business enough for both of us, I got my share of the new deposits, which were increasing, and occasionally one of Redfield's customers would fall to me. But, as I had maintained, there was business enough for both, and at the end of five years Redfield had more than held his own, while I had obtained a solid footing.

Bankers, like sea captains, must expect storms. I managed my affairs with this in view; but, as in the case of a sailor, much depends upon the facility with which he can get in sail, so the banker's safety depends upon his ability to get in his sails. If the captain keeps his sails furled he will make no head-

way, and if the banker keeps his money in his vaults he will make no money. When the panic of 1907 came on I was in as good, if not better, condition than the average banker to meet the storm.

It looked at one time during that panic as if the financial structure of the United States was about to collapse. I confess I was in great fear that it would carry me down with it and bury me under its ruins. Every day more money was withdrawn from circulation and locked up. I got in all the loans I could and sold at a great sacrifice all my private property. This fund I turned into gold, took it to my home and concealed it under a board in the floor. I proposed to keep it to enable me to pass a crisis.

The financial barometer—the New York stock market—continued to fall, and money grew proportionately scarce. One morning I heard that a run had been started on Redfield's bank, and as the day wore on the line before the paying teller's window increased. There was nothing like a run on my bank, but during the day the amount drawn was three times the usual average.

The next day the line leading to the paying teller's window of Redfield's bank was increased, and at noon Redfield came to my bank and told me that he must either have help or close his doors. He asked for it on the ground that if he went under the panic would extend to me and I would be carried down with him.

I told him that I did not think so. That there would be a run on my bank I was willing to admit, but my intelligent depositors would not draw their money, and I could pay all the rest.

"Then," he said, "I am ruined. I am too old to begin again, especially with a debt hanging over my head. If I had \$20,000 or \$30,000 to tide me over the rest of the day I could pull through, for tomorrow I am promised payment on a sale of bonds I have made."

It was 12 o'clock. I told Redfield that I would consider the matter of helping him and let him know by 2, if not earlier. He went back to the hungry crowd before his bank, and I, calling an auto cab, went home. There I found my wife and told her that I was called upon to save Redfield, with the strong probability of going under myself later. If I gave him the gold I had in reserve he would pull through. But my trouble was still to come, and without the funds I had sacrificed my property to provide I knew I could not meet a run.

My wife thought a long while before replying. When she did she said:

"Give it to him. He is an old man and to break down would kill him. I have little doubt that in saving him you will go under. But we are comparatively young and can begin again."

"Remember," I said, "beginning again is a hard thing to do."

"So it is, but when I or another must perish I prefer to give way to the other."

Without replying, I took up the board concealing my treasure and was about to put the gold in a satchel when my wife stopped me.

"Go back to the bank," she said, "and let me attend to this. You are needed there, and I can convey this gold to Mr. Redfield."

There were the shining gold pieces that I had accumulated slowly and by constant work and that I was going to send to another on the eve of needing them myself to save me from ruin.

"Charity begins at home," I said to Molly. "I fear we are going to do something we will regret."

"That adage had a good deal of truth in it," she replied, "but I have never come across any adage that will cover every case. I prefer the one 'Cast your bread upon the waters.'"

"Very well, sweetheart; if we go under through saving another you will not chide me with having done so and I shall have a stout help-met with whom to begin anew."

I left my wife to attend to the matter in her own way and returned to my own immediate duties.

A few minutes before two o'clock Molly came to my bank.

"Well," she said, "I've taken the gold to Mr. Redfield. I chose a coarse bag that had held potatoes

to carry it in, and the bulk looked very small. It occurred to me that I would be seen delivering it at the bank and if I could make the crowd believe there was more of the gold it would induce confidence. I emptied the coal scuttle standing beside the range into the bottom of the bag and put the gold on top."

"All of it?"
"Every dollar."
"Go on."

"When I got the coal and the gold in the bag and had tied a string around the top I cut a slit in the bag near the gold, over which I held my hand. Then I called a cab, got in with the treasure and drove to the Henderson Bank. When I reached it I sent in for some one to come out and carry it inside. The crowd watched the clerk take the bag from me, and as I handed it to him I took my hand away from the slit I had cut in it, and out rolled half a dozen gold pieces.

"The crowd set up a shout, and, hurrying the clerk into the bank, I picked up the pieces on the pavement—that is, all I could find. I must have lost something like five half eagles, or \$25."

"An investment worth \$25,000!" I exclaimed.

"As I went into the bank to take a receipt for the funds there was another shout, and I noticed a number of persons leave the line."

I threw my arms about Molly's neck and kissed her.

There was a call at the telephone. It was Redfield.

"That wife of yours," he said, "far more than the gold she brought has saved me. We have counted a dozen depositors whose accounts would aggregate \$30,000 leave the line. The gold wouldn't have been enough. It was the coal that did it!"

I told Molly that I had some very large amounts drawn during the day and if there was as much cash called for on the morning I would surely go under.

The next morning I was horrified at seeing a line of unintelligent depositors before my bank waiting for the doors to open. I thought I could stand the run for that day, and I did, but the next as early as 11 o'clock our funds had been so reduced that I knew we could not keep paying till the closing hour.

The morning journals had given an account of my wife's arrival at Redfield's bank with a bag of gold and of the effect it had produced. This helped me a good deal, but it seemed that every depositor I had in the lower walks of life was in line. It was half past two, and our pile had been reduced to \$200. Despite the delays practiced by the receiving teller to gain time I knew it would not hold out for the remaining half hour.

At twenty-nine minutes to 3 Molly drove up to the bank with a sack and called for some one to carry it into the bank. I rushed out, seized it and ran with it into the bank amid the plaudits of the crowd.

When I got it, into my private office and opened it, hoping that Molly had effected a loan, I was shocked to see nothing but nut coal.

But her ruse was effective. Some of those in the line, having deposits which for their class were quite large, on seeing her carry in a bag, supposing that she was repeating her act of the day before, left the line, leaving those near the window whose accounts were very small.

When the clock struck three and the window was closed there was but \$12 in the bank.

But meanwhile Redfield had got in his loan and the next morning returned sufficiently of what I had sent him to carry me through. As soon as all danger had passed he had the gratitude to tell the story of how he had been saved, and, while Molly became a heroine, I profited in emolument.

Of all the acts of my life this pleases me the most.

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind command over a superior.—Wirt.

How He Lost His Nerve.

For several years, Frank Radack, assisted by his brother George, gave tight-wire exhibitions in the main streets of the cities and larger villages. His wire was always stretched across the main thoroughfare of the town, from the top of one business block to another, at a height that varied from thirty to a hundred feet. Beneath it there was of course nothing softer than stone pavement or macadam.

He literally faced death whenever he performed; and thousands came to see him with the exciting thought in their minds that perhaps they would witness a tragedy.

But Frank Radack was as cool and unconcerned when balancing himself on one toe ninety feet above a stone pavement as when he was strolling along the sidewalk, and for several seasons no accident befell him.

Then came the Central Counties' Volunteer Firemen's convention at Deckerville.

The Radack brothers were orphans; George, who acted as Frank's business manager, was the younger by a year. An uncle who had cared for them in a kindly, haphazard way after the death of their parents was a circus tumbler, from the first made frequent efforts to teach his nephews his trade.

George became fairly adept, and for a single season worked under canvas; but Frank early discovered that his natural proficiency lay in balancing himself on a slender support, and that great heights held no terrors for him. During the season that George was away, he spent almost his entire time practising on a wire in his uncle's yard.

He disliked the associations of a circus, and determined to go on the road by himself; he believed that he could make quite as much in that way as he could working for a salary. He easily persuaded George to cast in his fortunes with him.

George was much more than Frank's business manager; he was his devoted admirer. He had charge of all arrangements at every performance, he himself strung and guyed the wire, and he took every possible precaution to prevent an accident.

Upon arriving in Deckerville, George arranged to have the wire strung across Union Street between the four-story Wilder's Hotel building and Benson's Arcade, which was only three stories in height. At no point near the center of the town, where it was desired to give the exhibition, were there opposing structures of the same height; but a tall chimney standing just behind the coping on the front of the Arcade rose to the level of the top of the hotel, and the Deckerille fire chief had decided, even before the brothers arrived, that one end of the wire could be safely run over the top of this chimney and the other end fastened upon the hotel roof.

Frank glanced at the buildings, made a mental note of their height, and seemed to give the matter no further thought, but George went over the details carefully. He even thrust at the chimney from three sides with a lever; it showed no sign of weakness.

He had the wire stretched across the street; one end was wrapped around a flagpole on the hotel roof, and the other was run under a metal hoop, thence round the chimney just beneath the ornamental enlargement at the top, over the top and down under the hoop again, and finally to a cleat nailed to the side of a skylight frame near the middle of the roof. Thus, although the chimney was made to hold the weight of the performer, the strain was in a great part relieved by the wire being carried back to the skylight. Guy wires running down to staples in two second-story windows prevented the main wire from swaying, but of course did nothing to hold it up.

One thing that George did not take into consideration, because he had not been told of it, was that Benson Arcade had undergone a bad fire two years before, and had been repaired as cheaply as possible. It looked as solid as any of its neighbors, but paint covered many of its imperfections. It was an arcade chiefly in name; in front of it there was a long wooden awning, set upon posts outside the sidewalk, and running up to the bottoms of the windows on the second story.

Deckerville was thronged with people from the neighboring villages and farms, in addition to the several hundred visiting firemen, with their bands and numerous pieces of apparatus. The police protection was inadequate. The officials had promised to rope off the street under the wire, but had neglected to do so; and when three o'clock came, the roadway of Union Street was filled with pedestrians, for they could not see the exhibition from the sidewalks on account of the awnings.

George made a final examination of the wire on the hotel, and then hurried across to the arcade, for he felt an instinctive distrust of the chimney, although he could discover nothing wrong about it. At a hasty inspection of it he stepped upon the balustrade and signaled to his brother.

"Professor Darroll"—as Frank was called on the show-bills—instantly appeared, clad in light blue tights thickly sewn with spangles that glittered in the sun like fish-scales. He was annoyed at finding a crowd beneath him, but as it is part of the showman's business never to show annoyance, he merely bowed and smiled.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "would you mind moving back a little? You can see ever so much better if you stand at a greater distance, and you will then be in no danger. I don't mind accidentally dropping seventy-five or eighty feet myself, for its all in the day's work; but I dislike falling on the people under me. Whenever I've done that, it has always hurt some of them, more or less."

The good humored little speech raised a laugh, and those directly beneath the wire did move back a short way; but the people behind kept crowding forward in order to see better, and the open lane was soon nearly closed again.

Frank began his performance promptly, nevertheless, interspersing his feats with the "patter" that all public entertainers of his class have to learn. All went well for a half-hour, and the chorus of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" grew in volume, as he passed from feat to feat, each different from the one before it, and, usually a shade more difficult.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he finally said after going back to the edge of the hotel roof, "watch me. I am about to place the hoop of a small cheese box about my ankles—so! Then, you see, I pick up this chair, this small three-legged table, and this sandwich and cup of coffee. I place the coffee on the table—so! Now, I'm going out to the middle of the wire to enjoy light refreshments. Little boys, would you kindly move back a yard or two? If this hot coffee should chance to slop over, think how it would burn you!"

Again came the ready laugh; but the boys, careless of dislocating their necks, and bound to see everything that was to be seen, did not move an inch.

The "professor," smothering an impatient exclamation, minced out upon the wire, with his ankles pinned by the hoop, the chair in one hand, and the table and its contents in the other.

Arrived over the middle of the street, he balanced the chair on its lightly grooved leg on the wire, deliberately sat upon it, and deftly swung the table in front of him. As he raised the cup to his lips, he heard a cry of alarm from his brother, and he felt the wire slip, ever so little but unmistakably.

Frank raised his eyes, and saw George leap to the coping, thrust the lever across in front of the chimney, with the end under the edge of the balustrade beyond, and brace against it with all his strength.

"Go back, Frank! Go back!" he called, hoarsely. "The cleat's pulled out of the skylight, and chimney is wobbling! It won't stand the strain!"

Frank, still calm and unmoved, and maintaining his balance without difficulty, let his glance sweep over the chimney. It certainly was buckling just below the point at which George had thrown the lever across its outer face. But even worse than that was the fact that at

the bottom of the coping a long crack had appeared in the wall. When the chimney fell, a part of the upper wall of the building was bound to go crashing earthward with it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Frank, and his voice was almost as even as before, "this chimney is cracking, and is about to fall. You must go back, or many of you will be crushed. Don't get under that wooden awning, for that won't protect you! Get back at once, into the middle of the street, all of you!"

Hundreds craned their necks to look at the chimney; but very few from that distance could see anything to warrant the presence of George with his lever, and most of them took the warning as a joke, and laughed vaguely, as persons do when they do not quite catch the point. Two of the firemen and a police officer, however, saw the danger, and began to thrust the people back.

The three made a small opening in the street, into which Frank suddenly pitched the table and the chair. As they splintered upon the pavement, every one within hearing jumped, Frank again shouting, "Get back! Get back!" in such compelling tones that a stampede followed.

In the crush a number fell to the ground directly in line with the chimney, and a mother whose baby-carriage was caught in the mob began to scream hysterically.

Frank stepped lightly out of the hoop round his ankles; it fell upon a man's head below, and added to the excitement.

"George," he called, more loudly than before, for the uproar rendered it difficult for him to make himself heard, "you can't hold that chimney up, and when it goes down, it will take you to the street. With it! There's no sense in both of us being killed. You jump back, and I'll drop on the wire and hang to it!"

"You get over to that hotel roof!" George panted, bracing himself more firmly than before.

Frank saw that argument would be wasted. Still facing the tottering chimney, he stepped backward, foot by foot, treading as if upon eggs.

The commotion in the street began to subside. Every one watched the performer, and some of them still wondered whether it might not be one of his showman's tricks to arouse interest.

Frank covered a third of the distance to the roof—two-thirds; then a brick cracked, and the fragments rattled down upon the wooden awning below.

Frank felt the wire give; spinning about, he leaped with outstretched hands for a window awning on the facade of the hotel.

He caught the iron frame, but one side of it tore from the casing, and he was forced to let go. As he shot downward, he clutched the awning next below, failed to retain his grip, and dropped upon the store awning of heavy tiled material. This threw him off, and he fell to the sidewalk and rolled senseless across it.

At the same instant the upper part of the chimney, toppled over. George threw himself to one side; he felt the coping slide from beneath him. As he was being carried over the edge, he was fortunate enough to grasp the sheet-iron eaves-gutter, which was soldered to the metallic roof of the building. The gutter held, although all beneath it, for a couple of feet, gave way; and by its aid George scrambled back upon the roof. The instant he had gained his feet, panting and trembling from exertion and excitement, he rushed down the stairs to reach the side of his injured brother.

Not another person was seriously hurt, although a number had been bruised and trampled upon. Frank had three ribs broken, and for a time the doctors feared he had concussion of the brain.

He recovered in time; but never again did he attempt a public performance.

"I'm not a bit afraid for myself," he explained, repeatedly, "no more than I was before; but the moment I saw a person under me, or anywhere near under me, all this

would come back, and I should lose my head. I'm done." / It was a good time to stop. The two brothers had saved several thousand dollars, and were young enough to start anew. They have prospered moderately in business, and have led useful lives.—*Youth's Companion*.

Little Sir Gilbert.

Long years ago,
In rain, or snow,
Our old friend traveled far
In search of aid,
To those ill paid,
Where deafness was a bar.

To his appeal,
No heart but steel
Could a refusal pay;
For his kind face,
Did age lend grace,
And so was won the day!

All understood
His cause was good,
And one God would approve:
To help the weak,
In sorrow meek,
And grief and care remove.

To mansion tall,
And cottage small,
He was on mission sent:
And his kind heart
Did oft impart
Trust and encouragement.

Now years a score,
And a few more,
He trends the beaten way:
And it is strange,
There is no change
In him of olden day!

So here's a cheer
To our friend dear,
Little Sir Gilbert, Oh!
Long may he live,
And much joy give
Where'er he come or go.

—Nellie E. Lorigan.

Saving the Venus of Milo.

When, during the war of 1870, the German army drew near the French capital, one of the first measures of precaution the Parisians took was to place the art treasures of the Louvre in safety. The paintings of Raphael, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Rembrandt and Rubens, were carefully packed and shipped to Brest. There they could, if necessary, be put on shipboard and taken from the country.

It was not so easy to save the pieces of marble statuary for their weight and fragility made them difficult to handle; but the French determined that the famous Venus of Milo, at least, should not fall into the hands of the Prussians.

So they took her down from her pedestal, and laid her in a casket carefully padded and wrapped. At night the casket was taken out through a secret door and hid secretly in the cellar of the police prefecture, at the end of a certain secret passageway.

They walled in the casket, and cleverly gave the wall an appearance of great age and dilapidation. In front of this wall they laid a number of valuable public documents, so that, if they should happen to be found, their importance would lead the discoverers to think there was nothing else hidden there.

In front of the papers they built another wall. Here the Venus of Milo remained, much to the distress of those patriotic Parisians who did not know where she was, and supposed that she had been stolen, through the sieges of the city by the Germans and through the disorders of the Commune.

One day the prefecture caught fire, and was pretty completely destroyed. The distress of those who knew that the Venus was concealed there can be imagined. As soon as the fire was extinguished, they hastened to the sinking ruins, and after some digging found the casket buried in heaps of dirt and stones, but uninjured.

It is understood that the Venus has gone into hiding again this year, not to reappear until peace is restored and Paris is free from danger of the invader.

The teacher read the story of a man who swam three times across the Tiber before breakfast. Willie, who was sitting in the front seat, began to snicker. The teacher inquired the cause of his mirth.

"You don't doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?" "No, teacher, only I wondered why he didn't make it four times and get back to where he left his clothes."

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1914.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man :
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

On account of the development and spread of typhoid fever among the pupils of the Missouri Institution for the Deaf at Fulton, and the unsuccessful endeavors to locate the source of the disease, the pupils are being inoculated with an antitoxic serum that has proved, in the United States Army, to be an absolute preventative of the disease. The water, milk and ice supply at the school, have been analyzed and found absolutely pure. So far there have been no deaths, and it is hoped that the present precautions and measures will curb the epidemic and soon restore the school to an entirely clean bill of health. Those now sick are segregated in the contagious hospital of the Institution.

PROBABLY not many have noted the fact that the deaf-mute sculptor, Douglas Tilden, is one of the most versatile of men. According to the writer's estimate, he is a *bona fide* genius. That he is a sculptor of the highest rank, will readily be conceded. But few are aware of his literary ability, and still fewer know of his talent as a painter in oils. The JOURNAL editor possesses two samples of his oil painting that are remarkable for fidelity in drawing, color, perspective and composition. And they are original in conception also. One represents a small table upon which is a wine bottle, a cigar stump, and playing cards carelessly thrown face up beside two or three well-used specimens of paper money. The other is a student's lamp standing beside an open book, upon which rests a grinning skull. As a writer, Mr. Tilden is vigorous, lucid and poetic, and added to his rhetorical gift he is a controversialist of exceptional calibre. He is personally symmetrical in build, polished in the manners of the drawing room, genial in disposition, and quizzical in address. In a word, he is a veritable deaf Leonardo da Vinci, and we regret very, very much, his non-participation in the activities of the deaf of California, who are planning, arranging and booming the National Convention of the Deaf, which is to be held in San Francisco from the 19th to the 24th of July, 1915.

"HELP!"

BULLETIN No. 1.

In response to Miss Yvonne Pitrois' cry for help for the war-stricken Belgian Deaf, who are in need of food and clothing, the following has been contributed and sent to the undersigned:—

Edwin A. Hodgson 2 00
Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner . . . 2 00
Missie M. Price, Middlebury, Vt. . . 1 00

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

FOOTBALL.

Gallaudet, 23. M. A. C., 0

Hark! Look! Listen! Ye sons and daughters of Gallaudet. For the second consecutive time in two years, Gallaudet's wonderful football team has kerwalloped the ever lasting daylight out of the Maryland Aggies, and by the overwhelming margin of 23-0.

The battle was fought on Garlie Field, Gallaudet's home gridiron, on Saturday morning, November 21st. The weather was rather cold, with a strong, biting wind blowing from the southwest, but although these conditions made it rather uncomfortable for the spectators, they proved no hindrance to the gridiron warriors. Every man appeared to be on edge, and both teams fought like demons from the first blast of the whistle to the last, putting up an article of football which, for rivalry and aggressiveness, has never been surpassed in the history of the annual clashes between the two colleges.

The Aggies came here touted as the champions of Maryland, having won the title two weeks previous. They had a long string of victories to look back to. Their team was exceptionally strong, and in the pink of condition. All the dope pointed to them as the probable winners of the contest.

Besides the strong feeling of rivalry which has always existed between Gallaudet and M. A. C., the Marylanders had an additional incentive in the form of the 26-0 trouncing Gallaudet handed them last year to spur them on. They were out on the war trail. They were out for revenge. They were confident of their ability to lift the hair of the Buff and Blue gladiators. Only four or five days before the contest, Curly Byrd, the Farmers' coach, told one of our men that he would be very much surprised if the Aggies failed to wallop the Kendall Greens. But when dinner-time rolled around on Saturday morning, those farmers were the most surprised bunch of football tossers one could come across in a year's travel. The unexpected had happened. The lightning had struck twice in the same place. The Pride of Maryland had been set upon, out-generated, outclassed and outplayed. They had been completely crushed, and sent down to ignominy and defeat at the hands of Gallaudet.

The contest was a grand walk-over for Gallaudet, from first to last. After the first few minutes of play, in which they put up a fairly strong defensive game, the Farmers never had a look-in. The contest was a private show, managed and directed by the Buff and Blue team, and with the Aggies dancing across the footlights at the crack of Gallaudet's whip.

Gallaudet had the Aggies hypnotized throughout the contest, keeping the ball in their territory nearly the entire game. Never for a moment did the Farmers have a chance to score, being repeatedly held for downs by Gallaudet's stonewall defense. The Kendall Greens, on the other hand, found the Agricultural line for long gains, appearing to be able to gain their distance equally well by line-bucking and end runs, making, at times, as much as twenty yards on a play.

The Buff and Blue huskies played a rushing, aggressive game the whole distance, sweeping the Farmers off their feet time and again by the impetuosity of their assault. There was no haggling or disputing among our players. They played together as a unit, pulling off their plays with a speed and smoothness which had the Marylanders wondering where they would strike next.

For Gallaudet, Rockwell, Foltz, Marshall and Martin, played a sterling game. Rockwell's long run of 85 yards for a touchdown fairly brought the spectators to their feet, and the way in which Foltz, Marshall and Martin, tore through the Farmers' line, and spilled up their plays, was spectacular in the extreme.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

The Aggies won the toss, and Capt. Bowland chose to receive. But the Farmers could make no gain, and Knode punted to Moore, who ran the ball back five yards before being pulled down. Rendall failed to make the necessary distance around right end, but Foltz accomplished the feat a moment later. Rendall, Keeley, and Klassen made 20 yards on line bucks, but Gallaudet was robbed of a touchdown by a five-yard penalty, and the ball changed hands. A moment later Knode punted out of danger, and the period ended with the score 0-0, with the ball in the possession of the Aggies on Gallaudet's 45-yard line.

The teams changed sides, and on the first play, Rockwell pulled down a forward pass on the 20-yard line, and ran through the entire interference of the Farmer's Team, for an 85-yard gain and a touchdown. Moore missed the goal, and the score was 6-0. Foltz kicked after Hindman, who was spilled after making fifteen yards. Derrick made thirty yards in fine rushes, and Gallaudet was penalized fifteen yards, putting the pigskin on Gal-

laudet's thirteen-yard line. Knode missed a try for goal, and the ball was given to Gallaudet on her twenty-yard line. On the next play Rockwell ran through the entire Farmers' outfit, and was not downed till he had made a forty-yard gain. Rendall annexed fifteen yards more, but when the m-lee was unipiling, Hindman, who had tackled him, intentionally jammed his knee into Rendall's jaw, a proceeding, which, as the umpire declared, was enough to kill a man. Rendall was knocked unconscious and had to be carried out. Hindman was ejected from the game. Moore made twelve yards around the end, and a moment later, kicked a field goal from placement. This made the score 9-0. The period ended with the ball on Gallaudet's thirty-yard line, and in their possession.

After the kick-off, Moore received the ball, and passed it to Marshall, who made sixty yards before being smothered. On the next play, Foltz made thirty yards more, putting the ball behind the goal posts for the second touchdown of the game, Moore kicking goal, making the score 16 to 0. The period ended with the ball in the Farmers' possession, on their 32-yard line.

After changing sides, Mess missed a drop-kick, and the ball was brought back to the 30-yard line. Here Gallaudet was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Keeley and Jacobson, on successive line plunges carried the ball over the line for a touch down. Moore kicked goal, making the score 23 to 0.

The line up:

GALLAUDET.	MD. AGGIES.
Foltz	L. E. Coggin
Martin	L. T. Oberlein
Davis	L. G. Tarbuton
Butterbaugh	R. G. Achen
Harms	R. T. Eddy
Marshall	R. E. Bowland
Moore	Q. B. Pennington
Rendall	L. H. B. Knode
Keeley	R. H. B. Mess
Klassen	F. B. Derrick
	Hindman

Summaries: Substitutions, for Gallaudet—Rockwell for Keeley, Jacobson for Rendall, Keeley for Klassen. For M. A. C., Carter for Hindman, Posey for Bowland. Touchdowns—Rockwell, Foltz, Jacobson. Goals from Touchdowns—Moore 2. Goal from field—Moore. References—Jack Gans, (Lehigh) Umpire—Lieut. Suffrath (Navy). Head Linesman—Wayne Har (Georgetown) Linesmen—Burns of Gallaudet and Shipley of M. A. C. Timer—Vernstein. Time of quarters—15 minutes each.

On the night after the Varsity administered such a thorough going drubbing to them old Rivals, M. A. C., Gallaudet's rabid rooters started out to celebrate. The festivities commenced with a human chain, zig-zagged back and forth around the college grounds and that part of the city adjacent to Kendall Green, until held up by one of those fat lobsters the city ordinances designate as policemen.

(The Kendall Greens called him something more emphatic.) For a while it looked as if the angry celebrators would wipe up the sidewalk with his copship, but prudence got the better of their tempers and mad clear thru, the collegians hustled back to Kendall Green and touched off a monster bonfire, large enough and hot enough to be felt in the infernal regions. (It is at least certain that the inhabitants of Mars felt an unusual warmth in the air.) Then ensued two hours of sky-larking, during which coach Krafts and the players were carried around the fire on the shoulders of the students.

The East Wingers were not allowed to indulge in the celebration, but they watched the proceedings from the windows of Fowler Hall, and were as enthusiastic as the most rabid of the males. "Here's to them, bless their dear 'earts."

DONATION DAY

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I most heartily endorse Miss Pitrois' appeal, and am sure that it will receive a prompt response from the American deaf.

Mr. Veditz's idea of the Committee nominated by himself is excellent and timely. Let us, the American deaf, one and all, help our Belgian brethren in distress. They had taken measures for the uplift of the deaf, not only in their own lands but also in other lands, before the war was declared. So let us, in return, help them, now that they are helpless.

REMEMBER THE BELGIAN DEAF! DO NOT FORGET THE FRENCH DEAF, either!!

Yes, make December 10th Donation Day. It cannot be more fittingly celebrated, not only in memory of GALLAUDET, but also of DE L'EPÉE.

Clergymen of all denominations will do well to bring this matter before their congregations, and urge them to send contributions of clothing or money.

God bless and comfort our stricken brethren!

Yours for charity's sake,

B. R. ALLABOUGH,
Gene of Missionary Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission.
CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 21, 1914.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations, will answer all calls. Address all mail to Box 96, FORT SMITH, ARK.

FANWOOD.

The 19th of November is held sacred to the memory of the birthday of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet and to the former workers of the Institution who helped in establishing what is now the leading school for the deaf in the world. Heralded on the wings of rain, the day dawned cloudy and a threatening downpour came with all its force for the rest of the day. It did not spoil the Fanwood spirit though, for in the morning appropriate chapel exercises were presented by the pupils. The occasion marked the 120th anniversary of the birth of Dr. H. P. Peet, the most interesting and honored of the characters connected with the Institution's history.

The chapel exercises began with the salute to the colors, with the band playing the Star Spangled Banner. On an especially erected scaffold draped with the American flag was the time-honored portrait of Dr. Peet, a large charcoal sketch by Cadet M. Ciavolino. The Principal was first to address the gathering with a brief biography of Dr. Peet, as he knew him and gave a synopsis of the origin of Founders' Day. In turn the pupils of the various classes recited, rendering select commemorations that dated back to the beginning of the Institution, ninety-six years ago, and summed it up to the present day, filling their recitations with earnest enthusiasm and praise. Many interesting narrations were recalled in the course of the morning, the majority paying a fitting tribute to memory of Dr. Peet, whose great work for the deaf, while Principal of the Institution, renders him forever immortal in the annals of Fanwood. Principal Currier and Prof. Jones were the only ones present who could recall having seen him personally. Their descriptions were full of jolly humor. Prof. Jones referring to him as the man who honored him with spankings. The handsome oil-painting in the entrance hall shows his characteristic appearance while the burden of responsibility was ever pressing on his shoulders.

The band had an important part in the program, by rendering many new selections. At eleven thirty-five the colors were dismissed and the assembly disbanded for dinner. At one o'clock, under direction of the Principal and Major Van Tassel the boys' study-room was cleared of all the tables, chairs, books and baskets, and transformed into a small parade campus. Here the battalion made a rehearsal of the evening review and dress-parade. Everything was pronounced O. K., and the cadet captains in charge directed their companies to prepare for the competitive drill.

Promptly at three the cadets appeared in their best and passed in review Major Reginald L. Foster and staff, of the 12th Regiment Infantry, N. G. N. Y., who comprise the Governor's staff. The reviewing officers accompanying Major Foster were: Major Edwin W. Dayton, Captain F. A. DePeyster, and Lieutenants C. Emil Holt and George M. Bramwell, all of the 12th Regiment, N. G. N. Y. The inspection was approved; the review was equally praised.

The judges then took their positions, and Company A, under Cadet Captain Lux, was put through the critical ordeal for the honor of the colors. The company began with the Butts' Rifle Drill, which for the first time was entered in the competition.

The manual of arms, after which came the final display of all known military manoeuvres, the cadets performing almost perfectly to the orders of their captain.

Company B, under command of Lieutenant Schnapp, took the floor next, and performed with even greater excellence than Company A, time and time getting a round of applause.

Last came the little fellows in Company C, who showed so much snappy energy that they won the admiration of all. Their squad leaders, and others (nearly all fresh from the kindergarten), put the other companies to shame and forced the respect of all. After the ten minute ordeal, the lines drew up at attention, and Major Foster as spokesman read the decision of the judges, favoring Company B by the close margin of two points. Companies A and C were even in points, each having a record of eighty-six.

Results in points:

Companies	Manual of Arms	Butts' Rifle Drill	Marching and Evolutions
B.	87	92	93
A.	85	92	90
C.	92	90	85

To the larger boys of A it came as a surprise; to the little fellows of C, it was a sad disappointment, for they had been previous winners and hoped to keep the colors. In his address, that the Principal interpreted, Major Foster spoke of the admiration he and his staff had for the excellence of the drill, encouraging Companies A and C with hopes for next year. Company B lined up and saluted the judges with smiling faces, showing their toil had not been in vain. Lieutenant Schnapp appointed color

guards and then the companies were dismissed with the good will of all.

The Proteans Annual Oyster Party was made memorable and joyous by the good humor and eats. At eight o'clock, accompanying the Principal, the officers met their partners, the Misses of the Adrasian Society, and with them were marched to the private dining-rooms of the household. There delicious oyster stew, ice-cream and cake in abundance, were served till all were drowsy with fatigue. Suggesting dancing, the party were soon gliding about in the realms of dazzling lights, and their digestion grew lighter still. An invitation was then extended to the girls, Principal and other guests, to visit the cadet Protean barracks, a room that we're all proud of for its clever decoration. The visit was much enjoyed, and many a smile of envy was passed around to the merit of the Proteans. We next visited the apartments of Principal Currier and visited Mrs. Currier and her guests. Here all had a good time, best of all perhaps, for everyone felt enraptured by the home-like courtesy of the surroundings and charming host and hostess. At ten o'clock the order was given for bed, and all left, bidding each other *Bon repos*, with a deep feeling of gratitude to Principal and Mrs. Currier for all the kindnesses of the evening.

Oralistic Morality: Ethics: Policy.

Since there can be no compromise with morals, there should be unanimity of opinion in all matters of truth, honesty and righteousness. When we make up our minds that a thing is morally right, we should not only do it ourselves, but should use our every energy to urge upon our neighbors the duty of following a similar course. Misstatements, misinformation, unfair dealing, and suppression of part of the truth, so as to distort a matter and present a false picture, with the intent to deceive, are things nobody should fail to denounce. With moral questions, as the term, apparently, is used in oralistic circles, it is a peculiar matter.

"To put the emphasis of accomplishment upon the mere fact of an imperfect ability to enunciate a few coherent verbal sounds, is neither square with the public nor just to the first teacher."—Editorial in JOURNAL, Nov. 12, 1914.

Certainly not! It seems evident the long and damning list of oralistic perversions of the truth and hypocrisy is to be lengthened.

To read the statements of the oralists in the press, one would be persuaded to believe that all knowledge of rearing the deaf was to be found only in oralistic circles. Could anything be more preposterous? The oralists are, as a whole, the least qualified for the position they assume. A few admit it, but the vast majority don't. There be oralists little and oralists great; men, whose gaze into the fathomless depths of the IS, has been so deep, and penetrating that our own consciousness is dwarfed by comparison with the immensities perceived; and a far more numerous class of arrogant superiorities, who look with disdain from the heights of their own ant-hills. More and more we are impressed with the limitations of men's capacities for receiving and assimilating knowledge.

The human brain is usually but a scant pint cup, and into it we cannot crowd a quart of information and yet leave room for utilizing reasoning. The consequence is that minute observation of facts that ends there, and fails to truly comprehend by recognizing the interrelations with other parts. The best exemplification of this truth is afforded by the editorial above noted.

But this can not excuse misstatements. Just where one would expect to find the widest outlook, we find the narrowest; where the most comprehensive conceptions of educating the deaf are required, we find the human limitations most painfully apparent. If the oralists had a clear grasp of the nature of the needs of the deaf and had his ideas tested by personal study and contact, not only during school time but at all times thereafter, they must surely would not be guilty of such glaring errors and misstatements that they are always finding it expedient to commit in behalf of their cause. Oralism is wrong and for that reason its advocates have to resort to questionable methods to maintain it. Like half-baked sophists, they become completely lost in a fog of their own making and proceed to inflict a suffering public with books, papers, and interviews filled from *imprimis* to *finis* with tommyrot.

Great as is the power of the printer's ink, it has its limits. Things that lack sterling worth, cannot for always be maintained in their place by insidious puffing.

As a rule, there is something of truth at the bottom of every bad. That which makes the oralist objectionable, is that they have not been broad enough to adjust their method to the natural needs of the deaf. It would be well for all to recognize the fact that signs have come to stay. Their intelligent use have such manifest advantages to the deaf that they have become indispen-

sible for their uplift. They are in line with modern ideas, and the school that wants to secure the maximum results, is compelled to take cognizance of them.

The great need to-day is for the study of the individual deaf from the standpoint of most successful method. The deaf child suffers and needs help. The parent, who seeks this help for his child, naturally cannot enthuse very much over having his child regarded as a more or less interesting natural-history specimen; to be articulated, classified and restored, for the edification of a few pin-headed theorists. It is just here that the fearful immorality of the oralist enters. He knows if he told the naked truth to the parent, his occupation would be gone. He also knows there is no place in the education of the deaf for an Oral school as opposed to a Combined school. He knows every teacher should use all that is useful in any case, and should be familiar with every method which gives promise of aid to the pupils. He knows that he owes it to himself as much as to those who employ him, to develop to the uttermost his capabilities to instruct the deaf. He knows this spirit will inevitably bring him to the combined system, for in spite of all that has been said, and can be said, the use of signs will always remain the foundation of instruction for the deaf; and finally, he knows oralism is but a mask for another version of those thirty pieces of silver.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

BROOKLYN, Nov., 13, 1914.

GREENSBURG, PA.

Eddie Pool, the bright son of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Pool, of Hunker, is a member of the Sophomore Class of the Greensburg High School. He is playing guard for the scrub foot ball team, and hopes to become a regular member of the High School eleven next season.

Felix Hogenmiller has been busy at his trade—tailoring—at the Fred Bolmond's Establishment in this city.

It is said that the Edgar Thomson Steel Mills, in which several deaf-mutes are employed are not running on full time, but it is also said that business will pick up after January 1st, 1915.

Since Phillip Gettins was promoted to the position of boss, he has been making trips about the coal works to see if his men are working right. Mr. Gettins has to work at the Keystone Coal Company's works every Sunday, therefore gets very little rest.

Your scribe acknowledges receipt of an invitation to attend a birthday surprise party in honor of Mrs. John Clarke, in Johnstown, but on account of unavoidable circumstances could not attend; however he takes occasion to extend to Mrs. Clarke his hearty congratulations and sincere good wishes through this column.

Mr. Edwin C. Harrah, the sage of Casselman, is becoming famous for his science of agriculture. He is extremely happy nowadays, because he has produced seven hundred bushels of wheat and oats from forty-five acres of land in North Dakota.

In response to an invitation sent out by his boyhood friend, "Rex" availed himself of the opportunity of journeying to Irwin on Saturday morning, November 15th. It was the semi-centennial of the incorporation of that borough. The affair was celebrated on a large scale, but we regret that space can not be given to describing the same. The reporter met several deaf friends and of course review old times, and had a good time generally.

It is announced that Rev. B. R. Allabough will be in Greensburg, and hold a service for the deaf at Christ Church, on Sunday afternoon, December 27th.

Lawrence Diamond took in the Semi-Centennial of Irwin. In spite of the depression in business, Mr. Diamond has been very busy in the planing mill at Penn Station. This is not to be wondered at, as he is a first-class carpenter.

Felix Hogenmiller and the scribe witnessed the foot-ball game between the Greensburg High School and the Pitt Freshmen, at Athletic Park here, last Saturday, and enjoyed the game, although it was zero weather.

"G. M. T."—Your bi-weekly letter to the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL regarding the happenings of the silent population in Pittsburg and vicinity gives interesting news to its numerous readers.

REX.

Triumph of Mutes.

It was but the other day when the triumph of the deaf and dumb faced me. It was a ship just starting from Southampton to Canada. You know the unheard shouts during the last hour from the shore. There were two men, deaf and dumb, talking quietly with their fingers to the brother on board, who could reply. They were the only three that could talk freely among the unheard tumult.—London Chronicle.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to S. H. Howard, 1409 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill.

The writer wishes he could be present at the big Dinner in honor of Isaac Lewis Peet. He was one of my best and kindest teachers and friends. Through his efforts and those of my dear teachers, Miss Ida Montgomery and David R. Tillinghast, I acquired a fair knowledge of English language and am able to communicate with the people for whom I have worked for so many years in Chicago. I believe that I have helped about one hundred and fifty different families, and fifteen Professors of the University, within twenty-eight years. Of course, it took me many years to practice writing, because I am not a semi-mute. Why not follow my good example?

There was a ripple of excitement at the church, Sunday, November 15th, when the death of Codman was announced. But the next day it was ascertained at Mr. Gibson's office that there was a young man by the same name had passed away on West Side.

A Lutheran minister, who preached to the deaf by signs in a church, at South Bend, Ind., had spelled "Codman of Chicago died."

Mr. Jacob J. Kleinhaus, who happened to be present, was greatly shocked, but hardly believed the report. When he came to Chicago from his home at Niles, Mich., he made inquiries about "Codman," hence, the rumor spread like a wild prairie fire. He had remarked, "Taylor, Regensburg, Gallaher and Sullivan have passed away, and now Codman is dead."

But, Oh! our dear friend, Chester C. Codman, of Montana, is still very much alive, and will smile at the ludicrous joke when he hears of it.

Everything was going on successfully at the bazaar last week. The Parish House was beautifully decorated, with colored paper and pictures, by Mrs. MacDonald. The ladies acting as waiters and saleswomen were notably energetic in disposing of all the goods possible. Rev. Flick hopes to have the fund reach \$20,000 within five years.

Rev. Flick conducted funeral services at Racine, Wis., two weeks ago, for Sievert S. Field, before a crowd of deaf-mutes.

Mr. Charles Boss, of Chicago, attended the funeral.

Mrs. Mary Grout has gone to St. Louis to live with her younger daughter, Alice, who has a permanent position in the office of a big firm.

While writing, the tenants in this big building became terribly excited and screamed this evening, when they saw black smoke issuing from a store-room upstairs. The fire department was phoned for quickly, but the small fire was put out easily. This is the eighth fire that has occurred within twenty years. My room was once filled with smoke. The last mail wagon comes around in five minutes.

CIVIL SERVICE

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A request was recently made to me by a lawyer, who was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention soon to be held in the State of New York, and who takes a deep interest in the welfare of the deaf, and thinks that the State Civil Service Law can be amended in such a manner that the examination of the deaf can be made less rigid for certain positions under State and Municipal Governments. To this end in view, the deaf in the employ of any Government, National, State or Municipal, are kindly requested to send me their names, addresses, and the nature of their work, and if having passed a Civil Service examination.

This information then can be used as an exhibit, and would be very valuable as an aid for the deaf in search of employment in any Government service.

Your truly,
SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
18 West 107th Street,
New York City.

Nov. 23, 1914.

VERMONT.

Albert S. Heyer had the misfortune to collide with a cow, while riding his motorcycle on his way home from Guildhall, Vt., to St. Johnsbury, last month. The result of the accident was a dislocated ankle and a small bone in his foot was broken.

Roy V. Newton has taken unto himself a bride. Congratulations. Byron H. Meacham has a trio of registered Berkshires—some of the best blooded stock from C. I. Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass.

People up in the Northern part of Vermont are having some nice cold days, with the ground covered clean and white.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.
ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 905 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

NOVEMBER 21, 1914.—Probably the two oldest citizens of Columbus died within a few days of each other. Each had passed a few months over the fourscore and ten notch of life's journey, and each bore a prominent part in the affairs of the city and county. The first to pass was Mr. Henry Backus, who for many years was a grocer. His death occurred the latter part of last week. Monday morning, Mr. Henry C. Filler passed away. Following from the Columbus *Evening Dispatch* is a brief and interesting sketch of his life:

Henry C. Filler, who played unconsciously the most conspicuous part in giving General Phil Sheridan to the nation, died at his home, 179 North Sixth Street, at the advanced age of 90 years, Monday morning.

Mr. Filler, who was probably one of the best known of the older residents of Columbus, was a boyhood friend and playmate of General Sheridan at Somerset, where both were born. The Sheridan family was poor and of small influence, while the Filler family was prominent, so when a vacancy for that Congressional District in West Point occurred, young Henry C. Filler secured the appointment, with young Phillip Sheridan as alternate. Young Sheridan had his heart set on a military career, while young Filler was ambitious for success in a mercantile way. So strong was the friendship between the two and so keen was the disappointment of young Sheridan, that Mr. Filler resigned in favor of his alternate and Sheridan went to West Point, where he received the training that gave America the most dashing and successful cavalry leader that military history has ever known.

WAS INFIRMARY HEAD.

Mr. Filler came to Columbus early in the seventies and engaged in merchant tailoring business, with much success. His activity on behalf of the unfortunates led to his appointment as superintendent of the Franklin County Infirmary, where he served for twelve years. He directed the building of the present infirmary and inaugurated the system of management, which, with the addition of some modernizations, persists in general to the present day.

He was also one of the early officials of the State School for the Deaf, and was at the time of his death a trustee of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at College Center.

Mr. Filler was one of the original congregation of St. Joseph's Cathedral and held the same pew that he occupied on the day the Church was opened. Because of the work of remodeling the cathedral, however, the funeral services will be held at St. Patrick's church, of which he was also a liberal patron.

RETIRED THREE YEARS AGO.

Mr. Filler celebrated his nineteenth birthday in August. Up until three years ago he was actively in business on Mt. Vernon Avenue, as a member of the drug firm of Filler, & Eitel.

Five children, Herbert A. Filler of Cleveland, Henry C. and Dudley A. Filler, Miss Eliza Filler and Mrs. James A. Allen of Columbus, survive. Funeral services will probably be held Wednesday morning.

OF REVOLUTIONARY STOCK.

Mr. Filler was born in Somerset on August 6, 1824, of Revolutionary stock, his parents having come to Ohio from Virginia in 1817. His father was a warm friend and admirer of Henry Clay, from whom he received the name. Mr. Filler in 1845 married Miss Eliza Finch, who died in 1901.

His early years were spent in the dry goods business, save for an interval of four years, when he was appointed postmaster at Somerset by President Polk. He was 22 years of age at that time. He moved to Columbus in the 70s and engaged in the tailoring business in the store-room now occupied by Krag & Co.

He preserved his remarkable vitality until October 22, when he sustained a stroke of paralysis, which rendered him bedfast, but with his keen mentality unimpaired.

The funeral service was held at St. Patrick's Church Wednesday morning, and was very largely attended. The School was represented by Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, Dr. Patterson and Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Moore and several others. A large floral wreath was also sent.

CINCINNATI BRIEFS.

Miss Anna Frederick was entertained with a mask party Saturday night, the 14th inst., at her sister's, Mrs. Margaret Bruch, residence on University Avenue. The maskers numbered twelve, with fifteen hearing persons, and remained in costume until a fine luncheon was served. The evening was mostly spent in dancing to music. Several prizes were awarded to the winners who wore the best costumes. All departed for their homes about midnight, and reported having had a splendid time.

DETROIT.

[News items for this column should be sent to C. C. Colby, 188 Lafayette Boulevard West, Detroit, Mich.]

The Ephpheta Mission for the Deaf had a literary and social party at the Parish House Saturday evening, November 7th. Rion Hoel, the treasurer, was the chairman of the evening during the warden's absence. President Wilson's proclamation for Thanksgiving Day was read. John Berry gave a talk on "Thanksgiving." Then short stories were told in turn to each other. Miss Ella B. Stelt recited "Thanksgiving." Light refreshments were served. The mission will hold a literary and social entertainment every first Saturday in each month.

A surprise birthday party, given Saturday evening, November 21st, in honor of Edwin C. Wurtsmith's birthday, was a great success. The party was in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leach, and we all enjoyed some good home-made sandwiches, cake and ice-cream. Mr. Wurtsmith received many gifts. Several games were played to amuse the guests. The party was photographed in a group before going home.

"THANKFULS."

Mr. Wurtsmith is thankful that he was not more than thirty years old.

Mrs. Wurtsmith is thankful that it did not affect her husband's appetite, as it took a number of meals to wait on him.

Mrs. Abbie Obee is thankful that she went home unattended.

W. C. Cornish is thankful that he was at the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Huhn are thankful that they were not in the European war.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Stark are thankful that they are the youngest grandparents in Detroit.

William Japes is thankful that he is comfortable in our circle.

Miss Stelt is thankful that she did not voluntarily recite "Yankee Doodle."

Mr. and Mrs. Fray are thankful that the prosperity comes again.

The whole party is thankful that the morning after the night before was Sunday.

PERSONALS.

Frank D. Smith, of Ann Arbor, spent Saturday and Sunday, November 14 and 15, here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Colby and daughter, Violet, were in Northville recently, visiting cousins and U. S. Fish Hatchery.

James M. Stewart, of Flint, will address the Division, Saturday evening, November 28th.

Rev. Allabough will hold services at the St. John's Chapel, next Sunday, November 29th; holy communion at 10:30 A.M., and sermon at 3 P.M.

De Witt Chapman has the utensils belonging to the Detroit Division stored in his little toolhouse for a year free of charge. He has our thanks.

Mrs. David Turrill is still sick. However, it is hoped that she will be among us again with a smile on her face.

President Waters, of Division, the layreader, held services at Ypsilanti, Sunday, November 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Huhn, formerly of Ann Arbor, are comfortably located at 341 Mitchell Avenue. Mr. Huhn is employed at the Ford Motor Car Company.

Sample copies of the Chicago *Silent Courier* were distributed here. We all wish the new enterprise good luck.

Miss Etta Perkins, of Armada, Mich., made a shopping trip with her mother to Detroit recently.

Several cards were received here from California, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Germer and son, who left Detroit last October 1st, reached their new home at Gardena, 13 miles south of Los Angeles, all right; that it was a lovely place; they were feeling very fine. Mr. Germer is working for South California Gas Company as a service man.

Ernest Dorman, aged 68 years, died suddenly at the residence of his sister here, on the 19th of November, at 10:30 P.M. He was taken ill on the 17th and in two days he gave up his spirit. Mr. Dorman went to the Flint school under E. L. Bangs' principalship, in 1868. He was a trunkmaker by trade, but had not worked for many years. He had a comfortable income and was a bachelor until his death. The funeral was held on the 23d.

At the November meeting of the Detroit Division a new applicant was admitted. It was a young man by the name of William Japes, of Detroit. He attended at the oral school here, being kept from the deaf people here. It is natural for a young duckling to go into the river, "Water is fine, come in," when it sees the water, against the will of its foster-mother hen.

Now the young man is wrestling with the sign language and getting better acquainted with us. He is very bright. The Division will help him in his trials, and he can do more for the deaf in a short time, because he is a son of one of

Detroit's millionaires. His father has two big factories in Detroit. Mr. Japes runs his own automobile among Detroit's crowded streets. He says he has much interest in the deaf, and he was very glad to pay one dollar for a subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A "goat" committee has been selected to receive Mr. Japes, with wide-open arms, at the December meeting.

The Division is to have an earlier meeting at 7:30 for December. The election of officers for the ensuing year will take place on the 12th of December. A hot time is expected.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Rev. H. R. Allabough's Appointments.

(11825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburg, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. F. A. Leiner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7 P.M. every Sunday. Services 7:45 P.M. every Sunday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services, 8 P.M. every Sunday. Beaver Falls, New Brighton, Rochester and Beaver by turns.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, O. Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services, 10:30 A.M. every Sunday.

Owing to the postponement of the meeting of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf at the school for the Deaf, D.ville, the appointments for Toledo, O., Dayton, O., Danville, Ky., and Louisville, Ky., (September 8 to 9) are hereby cancelled.

NOVEMBER.

26—Cleveland, 3 P.M. (Thanksgiving Service and Social).

28—Toledo, 7:45 P.M.

29—Detroit, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion), and 3:30 P.M.

30—Jackson, 7:30 P.M.

DECEMBER.

4—Marion, O., 7:30 P.M.

5—Belmont, 7:30 P.M.

6—Lima, 10 A.M. (Confirmation); 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion); 3 P.M. Kenyon, 7:30 P.M. (St. Paul's Church)

9—Greensboro, O., 7:45 P.M.

10—Lexington, Ky., 7:30 P.M.

11—Danville, 7:30 P.M.

12—Louisville, 8 P.M. (Social).

13—Louisville, 10 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 3 P.M.

18—Canton, O., 7:30 P.M.

19—Piquette, 7:30 P.M.

20—Columbus, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion); 2:30 P.M. (School for the Deaf); 3:15 P.M.

21—Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf (Confirmation)

22—Manfield, 7:30 P.M.

25—Cleveland, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion)

26—Pittsburg, 8 P.M. (Social).

27—Pittsburg, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 7:45 P.M.

27—Greensboro, 3:30 P.M.

28—Uniontown, 8 P.M.

29—Alliance, O., 7:45 P.M.

LAY-READERS.

6—Cleveland, 2:30 P.M., by Mr. W. F. Durbin.

13—Beaver Falls, Pa., 2:30 P.M., by Mr. C. S. Sawhill.

20—Jackson, Mich., 2:30 P.M., by Mr. H. B. Waters.

27—Dayton, 10:30 A.M., Cincinnati, 3:15 P.M., by Mr. C. W. Charles.

27—Columbus, 10:30 A.M., by Mr. A. H. Schory.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, W. 1496 Linn Ave., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:15 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Holy Trinity, 3d and C Streets, N. W.

Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church. Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 9:30 A.M. Miss Robina Tillman, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 8 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-reader.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gaine Streets, Rev. H. L. Tracy, Assistant. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sundays of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month. Under the direction of

REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

The Centre of the world

About seven hundred miles northwest of Bombay, and the same distance northwest of Calcutta, stands the ancient and very important city of Delhi, the former metropolis of the Great Mogul.

Its walls, gates, places, tombs and other great works, are wonderful for size and for beauty of architecture, and would require a large book thoroughly to describe them, while the history of the great city, which once contained two millions of inhabitants, would almost form a library.

Not many miles from Delhi stands an enormously tall tower, but by whom that tower was built, and for what purpose, no one can tell. The Brahmins say, however, that it marks the centre of the world, and the story they tell about it is this:

Once upon a time, a certain king of Delhi being anxious to reign long and leave his throne to his family, and being disturbed by doubts about it, called a council of pious Brahmins, who informed him that just under the great tower, called Kootub, now stands, was the head of the great serpent which supported the world.

"Now," they said, "if the king will drive down a great iron into the earth at that spot in such a way as to transfix the head of the great serpent, he may be sure that he would reign long and his children after him."

The King made the great iron and the tower and drove down in the earth and transfixed the serpent's head—or at least the Brahmins told him that he had, but, doubting the word of these holy men and wishing to see for himself that such was the case, he had the iron pillar pulled up again.

Lo, and behold, it was covered with blood, showing that the holy men had been right; but, unfortunately, when he wanted to drive it down again, the animal very sensibly got out of the way and very shortly afterwards the king was beset by enemies, and lost not only his throne but his head.

This signal confirmation of the Brahmins' story causes the natives to believe that the head of the great serpent is still there, supporting the world, although, as they say, it may not be exactly under the tower since the attempt of the king to transfix it a second time.

Not far from this wonderful tower is a wonderful well. It is thirty feet square and one hundred and twenty deep, and generally containing forty feet of water. In addition to its use for drinking purposes, the natives make another use of this huge well whenever there are visitors attracted by the fame of the tower which is the center of world.

To jump from the top into the darkness of the pool, eighty feet below, would be like leaping from a six-story house, and would appear to be certain death. Yet the Hindus of the village near the well make the jump for a very few pence. A dozen men and boys with nothing on but the very smallest waistcloth, will stand upon the curbstone, ready to jump.

An old gray-headed fellow will balance himself, and then leap. For the first fifty feet or so he extends his arms and legs widely, then he brings his feet together, puts his hands close to his side, and strikes the water with a crash which echoes up the stony sides, as his head disappears in the inky looking pool.

You think he has gone! But no—his gray head appears, he swims to the wall, climbs up the side to a square hole which leads to a reservoir, and is at the top again in a moment, to claim his half rupee.

Next, perhaps, jumps his grandson, a naked imp of nine or ten. You shudder, because the little fellow appears to have jumped and to be in danger of striking the stonework. But, no! He misses the rocky side by less than a yard, arranges his feet and hands just as his grand sire did, and falls like a stone in the water.

You wait a long time—one minute, two minutes—but the little, round, bare pate does not appear. Will they make no effort to save him? Is the boy drowned?

Not a bit of it! In another moment, the winning imp, dripping with water, is by your side. It turns out that there is in the well another communication with the reservoir, under the water, and to this the boy has dived, and thus came out; the silence and pretended alarm of those at the top only being another trick to excite sympathy and extract more money.

Then, as fast as possible, the whole lot will begin to jump pell-mell, on top of each other almost, through the openings, up again, and down again—as long as there is a chance of extracting any coin from the strangers.

The village people don't seem to think the water at all spoiled for drinking purposes by being thus turned into a bathing pool.

"The world honors success. God honors faithfulness. The world lauds the man who does something. God lauds the man who is something."

NEW YORK.

[News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.]

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mr. Moritz Schoenfeld communicates the following: The *Tammany Times* gives a lengthy account of the funeral of Julius Harburger, ex-sheriff and public spirit citizen, who has held various offices under the city government. The funeral arrangements were under the director of Mr. Nathan Blum, of the firm of M. J. Rothschild. The arrangements were so perfect that the paper gives special mention of the same. Mr. Blum is the brother-in-law of Mrs. Moritz Schoenfeld.

The handicap pocket billiard tournament of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League was concluded on November 15th. The following are the winners, the prizes they received, etc.:

NAMES	PRIZES	PER C.
J. P. Radcliffe	\$7.47	1,000
A. V. Ballin	5.00	.933
A. A. John	3.74	.750
W. H. Farnham	1.12	.229
Henry Muller	.75	.145

The five-dollar prize was for high run, and was won by Mr. J. P. Radcliffe who secured thirteen points.

Owing to the impossibility of Rev. Father Galvin, C. S. S. R., to make his lecture at the De La Salle Academy, on Sunday evening, November 29th, under the auspices of the N. Y. Council No. 2, K. of D., Mr. Anton T. Colt has been engaged to fill in his place. There will be several addresses made by eminent speakers. A treat of moving pictures will follow to close the De l'Epee Celebration.

To-day the table of the Ballin household will be graced with a twelve-pound turkey, which the head of the house won a raffle at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, through the Committee having in charge the Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration.

Mrs. Wm. Konkell, a deaf-mute, has succeeded in satisfactorily settling her accident case through her attorney, Mr. Wm. Ehrlich, who is a brother of Miss Katie Ehrlich, a well known deaf-mute lady of this city.

Simon Mundheim, of Brooklyn, is traveling in the New England States as a salesman. Last week the writer ran into him at the Narragansett Hotel, in Providence, R. I.

An Omission.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There was published in this paper, last week, of the "Membership in the N. A. D. by States," but the State of Delaware was omitted entirely, although several other States were mentioned with no members representing them. I recruited a new member from Delaware when I was a member of the Executive Committee, and he duly paid his initiation fee. This is the second time I have been called upon to correct the lists of new members. Some of whom I secured in the territory I had charge of, and the names of them were missing.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM.

November 23, 1914.

A Deaf Policeman.

If anyone should ask, "Who is the only deaf policeman in the world?" the answer may be given, "Mr. Henry Frank of the California School for the Deaf and the Blind." It is his duty to look over the school grounds, to see that no harm is done by mischievous boys from outside, and to check the speed of automobiles passing through the grounds, so as to prevent possible accidents to the pupils of the school. Mr. Frank wears a shining badge given him by the Berkeley Police Department, and the inscription on it reads, "Special Police, A. B.," the letters taking the place of a number. (Some of the boys pretend that the letters mean, "Bachelor of Arts.")—*California News*.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M., and 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M. Holy Communion, November 22d.

NOVEMBER.

29—St. Peter's Church, Fort Chester, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.

He who never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes.—*Hall*

Uncle Sam's Money Factory.

Uncle Sam's great money factory is one of the wonderful sights of the world. Housed in a brand new building 580 feet long and with four wings each 285 feet deep, it takes 32,840 panes of glass to admit light to its four stories. The structure of the bureau of engraving and printing is built of Indiana limestone, and it presents to the shining Potomac, which it faces, a row of columns on the front as imposing as those on the east side of the treasury.

This probably is the finest manufacturing plant in the world in point of scientific equipment to conserve the health and comfort of its inhabitants. The chiefs of divisions say that the records show 80 per cent less sickness in the new than in the old building. The whole plant is virtually the creation of Director Joseph E. Ralph, who was determined that in the equipment and operation of the bureau of engraving and printing the United States should lead the world in welfare work.

The European war hit the bureau of engraving and printing as hard as any other American establishment. Its normal output of bank notes was 40,000 sheets a day and it is now turning out 300,000 sheets of four notes to the sheet. In addition to this currency its normal output of silver certificates and gold notes was 225,000. It is now printing 310,000. The moment war was declared Director Ralph jumped to New York, Philadelphia, and other places, and bought up all the imported dyes in the country suitable for use in coloring inks.

Moral Courage

The world owes much to its men and women of courage. We do not mean physical courage in which man is at least equalled by the bulldog; nor is the bulldog considered the wisest of his species. The courage that delays itself in silent effort and endeavor—that dares to endure all and suffer all for truth and duty—is more truly heroic than the achievements of physical valor, which are rewarded by honor and titles. It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood—the courage to seek and to speak the truth; the courage to be just; the courage to be honest; the courage to resist temptation; the courage to do one's duty. If men and women do not possess this virtue, they have no security whatever for preservation of any other. Every step of progress in the history of our race has been made in the face of opposition and difficulty; and been achieved and secured by men of intrepidity and valor—by leaders in the van of thought—by great discoverers, great patriots, and workers in all walks of life. There is scarcely a great truth or doctrine but has had to fight its way to public recognition in the face of detraction, calumny, and persecution.—*Samuel Smiles*.

Work the Best Insurance.

DEAFNESS.

THE SOCIOLOGIC ASPECT OF DEAFNESS, CONGENITAL OR ACQUIRED IN EARLY LIFE; WITH A SUGGESTION FOR A BETTERMENT THROUGH INDIRECT EFFORT.

By H. B. YOUNG, A.M., M.D.,
Burlington, Iowa.

WERE it not for the twofold fact that otologists must eventually decide upon what constitutes total deafness, and will be looked to more and more to curtail its occurrence, both by prevention and treatment, this topic might be left wholly to the consideration of educators and economists. But the rosy view of the future for this class of unfortunate, painted by enthusiasts among the educators, doubtless encouraged thereto by enthusiasts among the otologists, bids fair to create an expectation on the part of the public, which, especially if it should not be realized, will make the legitimate work of both educators and otologists increasingly difficult.

According to John Dutton Wright,* there are approximately 50,000 so-called "deaf-mutes" in the United States, for whom the problem is to furnish more effective means for communication with their fellow men, and more remunerative occupations, if they are to have the more intimate relations with society which, in his opinion is their due. Of paramount importance is the means of communication, and that, also in his opinion means nothing less than the use of actual speech associated with lip-reading. In other words, we must teach the deaf to speak and abandon the sign language. But this presupposes, first, that there can be found a sufficient number of teachers competent to carry on such a work, plus the munificent State to bear the expense; and second, that the deaf will respond in a measure commensurate with the effort involved.

Assuming for the present that these teachers and funds will be forthcoming, although this remains to be demonstrated (for it is equivalent to the support of a small army), we must yet inquire about the prospects of response from the beneficiaries.

Of the 13,000 pupils now in the schools for the deaf (again I quote from Wright) and those in attendance for the past ten years, approximately seventy-five per cent have had oral instructions; but of these only twenty-five per cent have gone beyond the experimental stage—i.e., made practical use of it.

In the light of the estimate that twenty-seven per cent only of "deaf-mutes" are totally deaf, this naturally suggests two questions—viz., (1) is this twenty-five per cent the intellectual limit of its application? (2) Does it indicate the number of those who, after more or less practice, consider it an improvement on other modes of communication?

In considering the first question we must remember that total deafness means deficient brain capacity in varying grades, from just those things which would come to it through the medium of sound, to those grosser defects the sequelae of the meningitis which is so often the causative factor. In consequence of this, the 73 per cent who are supposed to retain "islands of hearing," and therefore more favorable subjects, may not all be eligible. In considering the second question, we must estimate the influence of an artificiality in the process, recognized alike by the producer and receiver. Makuen, in his contribution to the symposium on "The Deaf Child," makes this statement: "Spontaneous speech development takes place only as the individual is capable of hearing speech sounds both subjectively and objectively; and speech acquired in any other way is a forced and artificial product." To the deaf person, therefore, who objects to being in the "lime light," and that means most of them, this forced and artificial product will make small appeal; for it's first effect, through unusual tone and inflection, is to make the user conspicuous.

Something like twenty years ago, while making with my colleague, Dr. Hobby, of Iowa City, a systematic examination of the pupils in the Iowa School for the Deaf, the Superintendent's son, himself a pupil, was exhibited as a triumph for oralism. Later, in the privacy of our room, we found ourselves in accord with this impression: "Heart-rending! Were it my child I would rather it remained forever silent."

And quite recently, in a man from the Philadelphia school, with exclusive oral instruction, I experienced the same shock. When I learned that this man could hear till the age of seven years, had but recently taken up the sign language, and now spoke with reluctance, I had further confirmation of early impressions. It may be that, in the not distant future, familiarity with this peculiar speech will soften or blunt our sensibility to it; but the intelligent deaf person can hardly escape the feeling that he or she will be, at best, just a little less a curiosity than Helen Keller. Incidentally, let me here remind you that of the multitude (a multitude that would doubtless pay willingly for the privilege), who gaze with awe, and mayhap inspiration, on Helen Keller's achievements, few stop to contemplate the patience, perseverance and resourcefulness of her

teacher; which is infinitely more wonderful.

The task of bringing any class of defectives up to a reasonable equality with those of unimpaired faculties must always be colossal; not only from the standpoint of scientific achievement, but as well from the indisposition of the public to render the needed assistance. In this instance the great obstacle in the way of change is the feeling that the duty is already well done. The State furnishes as good a school for the deaf child as for the hearing, and in a material way does more for it, in that it also provides food and lodging—clothing if necessary. In Iowa such education is compulsory. The idea too that the deaf child must have an exclusive oral environment—absolutely barred from the language of signs—involving so much additional expense, may be met with skepticism; and for these reasons: (a) Every parent uses signs as a means of teaching the hearing child to speak. (b) The good preacher, good orator and good actor (and who of you has never been a devotee at the shrine of Punch and Judy?) is distinguished from the indifferent ones of his class by his ability to press his points with appropriate gestures and signs often more expressive than words. (c) Now that the Tower of Babel, with its "confusion of tongues" is again a reality, through the advent of thousands who speak but not in our language, it has become a necessity to use the language of signs extensively in all the avenues of industry.

(d) From time immemorial the deaf have been educated by a system of signs; in most schools are so educated to-day; and the majority of those who have acquired speech make more use of the signs. (e) In short, when 89,950,000 people are using the sign language, more or less, every day, it is hard to imagine a condition in which the 50,000, scattered broadcast, can be shut out from it.

The sign language, therefore, however much it may interfere with the development of oralism, is here to be reckoned with. Nor is it necessarily a relic of barbarism. At the recent Congress of the Deaf in Paris, a World's Congress with educated people from many lands, the sign language prevailed and was found adequate for a general interchange of ideas.

As a matter of fact everybody knows, or should know without such evidence, that the sign-language is the only universal language. It seems, however, to be no less a fact that the general conception of it is wholly inadequate. Even De l'Epee, whose name is inseparably connected with it's best known usage, had a singularly narrow view of it's merits. Volapuk, which had it's brief day *et id omne genus*, were attempts at a universal language of words—a super-human, and in view of the possibilities of signs as conveyors of ideas regardless of words, a gratuitous task. De l'Epee and his colleagues seem not to have arisen above this weakness. Provision for words gave existence to the manual alphabet.

The real sign language, however, has to do only with subject, object and action—leaving each race to give them such word expression as it will; and may profitably be taught to the hearing as well as the deaf.

It must also be acquired just as any other language is acquired; and on this account it is best to start with it in childhood before there is definite knowledge of the construction of spoken language. This means, before grammar is taught. Some of us know, better or worse, the French, German, Italian, Spanish, etc., but only those of us who had such environment in childhood can express ourselves in these languages without that awkwardness which imperils our intelligibility to those of the mother tongue. Thus it is probable that none of us would ever become proficient in the sign language; but our children or grandchildren might become facile to a surprising degree; and that without a manual alphabet. For the manual alphabet need be only an incident, just as we spell out these technical expressions to the stenographer who might not transcribe them correctly.

When it is realized that one may think in signs the same as in words—which those skilled in their use really do—it may even be a matter of surprise that the sign-language was ever considered a makeshift, and there were few to do it reverence.

As a basis for that systematic arrangement which is essential for the study of any language, we already have the so-called natural signs which are practically common to all peoples. From these infinite elaboration is possible; but for the average person a thorough familiarity with these alone may be sufficient. The English language is composed of many thousand words, but the average person with fair education seems to get along with at best a vocabulary not exceeding 2,000; and a single sign may be equivalent to several words—sometimes more expressive.

That many desirable results could accrue in a general acquisition of the sign-language seems almost beyond question. For present purposes, however, it is sufficient to point out:

(1) That through the element of personal profit in it, it's teaching

would command public interest and support;

(2) That through a common means of communication between the hearing and the deaf child, they would be brought into closer relationship; and,

(3) That through this closer relationship there will naturally follow an appreciation of the blessing in hearing and the curse in deafness, now known only to those under the curse and those besought to lift it—an appreciation which will foster that sympathy so aptly described by Dr. JOHN BROWN, of Edinburgh, as the motive and not the emotion.

This argument, while in the main a plea for general instruction in the sign language for the purpose set forth, has also a medical bearing. Were it germane to the subject, I would make some observations on the difficulties attendant upon the determination of the degree of deafness in the deaf-mute—founded upon the examination, physical and functional, of the pupils in the Iowa School for the Deaf, to which I have referred; and how I thought I discovered that, in those with negligible drum change, the remnants of sound perception were mostly to be found in the left ear. But under the title, matters of policy alone may be appropriately considered.

The brilliant work of Wright and a few others who, like him, are advocates of oralism pure and simple, gives us, as otologists, a new question to consider when we are consulted about the management of the deaf child. Some of our number have already committed themselves as endorsers of this method for the child who possesses "islands of hearing," especially those within the Bezold scale; and they are men of standing, whose influence may go far with those who have limited associations with this class of children. I cannot but think that this endorsement, if allowed to go unchecked, will work misfortune to the otologists and deaf child alike. It is not a question whether the deaf child can be made to speak. Undoubtedly the great majority of them can—some of course much better than others. It is rather a question whether the deaf child's welfare and happiness will thereby be measurably enhanced; and this has not yet been proven. However naturally our expectations that oralism would do much that is claimed for it, be worth the added cost, we find, even in the last ten years, with it's largely increased practice, only sporadic realizations of these expectations. It is hardly thinkable that this can be explained on any ground but natural causes, mostly beyond the range of human effort; and, on this account, it becomes our plain duty to warn the parents of deaf children against too great expectations—pointing out as far as may be the obstacles peculiar to the physical and mental make-up of the individuals, and those dependent upon social conditions. For the latter I know of nothing more comprehensive than the declaration of the lady from whose letter Dr. Gallaudet quoted in his contribution to the symposium previously referred to. Every otologist should have a copy of this in his desk. [See Appendix.]

For the betterment of this social condition, the general acquisition of the sign language, which I here advocate, may be looked upon as speculative; but from a well known teacher of the deaf, one who has spent practically his whole life among them, I have the assurance that such a course would be hailed with acclaim by the deaf.

* Volta Review—Wright's address to New York Association of Physicians.
* Laryngoscope—June, 1910.

APPENDIX

In a recent letter a deaf lady of high social standing and unusual mental ability, who was educated in an oral school, writes as follows:

"It seems to me the pure oral teachers expect too much of both the deaf and the hearing. They think that the former should be capable of an equality with the latter, which is physically impossible. They think the hearing should receive the deaf with open arms, or at least meet them half way. They ought to, of course, but the practical question is, do they? In most cases, no. Where there are deaf friends or relatives, something of interest and kindness will be shown by the hearing, but, with ordinary people, the deaf are strange creatures, like the idiotic or insane, though, of course, in a less degree. The great majority of oralists are absolutely ignorant of the way they are laughed at behind their backs. I myself knew nothing of this while I had home and family to ensure me respect, but I have had some bitter experiences since then.

"For this reason, if for no other, those with bad voices should not be forced to talk. They simply make themselves a laughing-stock among the hearing. I have been told that my voice was not specially disagreeable, yet I have known hearing friends to pass me on the street without recognition, and when I demanded an explanation, confess that they did not wish to hear me speak. Is not that enough to seal the lips of any sensitive oralist?"

"In all this I am putting myself in strong antagonism to my school, but it is not to be helped. Truth and common sense should be considered as well as theory, and with the theories of the pure oralists I cannot agree.

"I insist on signs, and signs only, in public speaking to the deaf. On March 20, 1910, I was present at the confirmation service at Trinity Church, Boston, where Mr. Searing interpreted to us the sermon of Bishop Lawrence. When I came to read the printed report of that sermon I found nothing new. 'Had I been seated with the general audience, I should not have known a word from beginning to end.'

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The following films are ready for exhibition purposes:—

1. The Lorna Doone Country of Devonshire, England. By Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. It is 1075 feet long and was made in Washington, D. C., in 1910.
2. Presentation Week at Gallaudet College, showing panorama of Gallaudet College, Presentation Day, and Class Day. Length 460 feet and was made in May, 1911.
3. Extracts from addresses by Mr. R. P. MacGregor, including: "The Irishman and the Flea" and "The Queen and the Cake." Length 200 feet and was made in Chicago in December, 1912.
4. Emperor Dom Pedro's visit to Gallaudet College. By Dr. Edward Allen Fay. Length 1,000 feet. Made in Washington, D. C., in June, 1913.
5. The Universal Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God. A lay-sermon by Mr. R. P. MacGregor. Made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913. Length 1,000 feet.
6. Memories of Old Hartford. By Dr. John B. Hotchkiss. Length about 1,100 feet and made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913.
7. The Escape of Abbe Sicard. By Dr. James L. Smith. Length 415 feet. Made in Chicago, in July, 1913.
8. The Preservation of the Sign Language. By George William Veditz. This was taken at the Cleveland Convention of the N. A. D., in August, 1913, and is about 1,000 feet long.
9. A Memorial Address at the tomb of Garfield. By Mr. Willis Hubbard. This film shows a good view of the tomb with several hundred delegates to the Cleveland Convention in the foreground. Length about 800 feet. Made in August, 1912.
10. The Death of Minnehaha. By Mrs. Mary Williamson Erd. Introduction by Mr. Jay C. Howard. Length 1,050 feet. This film was made during the Cleveland Convention. The photographing was done on the estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller by special permission of Mr. Rockefeller.
11. A Plea for a Statue of De l'Epee in America. By Rev. Mr. Cloud and Father McCarthy. This film was also made in Cleveland during the N. A. D. convention. 400 feet long.
12. Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, at Staunton, Va., in July, 1914. This film shows a group picture of the delegates, also thirty-three superintendents of State schools for the Deaf, taken in small groups. It is about 400 feet long and very interesting.
13. Signs and Signs. By Dr. J. S. Long. Length 400 feet. This film was made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1914.
14. The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. Mr. Flick. Length about 60 feet. Made in Chicago.

Other films are being planned. Suggestive concerning whom to select as lecturers, and any suggestions pertaining to the management of the films, will be gladly received. I shall be pleased to correspond with and give what help I can to persons desiring to use the films. Our films have been shown in different sections of the country and always with pleasure and profit to those who have seen them.

In order to pay running expenses and keep the films in repair, a charge for the use of the films is made. The terms are \$5.00 for use of 4000 feet of film for one exhibition and express charges both ways.

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February 6, 1915

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BULLETIN

OF THE

Hebrew Congregation

of the Deaf

SERVICES at Temple Emanu-El, 5th Avenue, corner 43d Street, every Friday evening, at 8:15 o'clock.

Socials at Y. M. H. A. Building, Corner Lexington Avenue and 92d Street, every Tuesday evening, except where indicated below, mostly free.

"Brooklyn Branch Services" are held at Temple, Putnam Ave. between Reid & Stuyvesant Aves., every Friday evening, 8:15 P. M.

PROGRAM.

THIRD ANNUAL

Christmas Festival

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Guild of St. Matthews Lutheran Church for the Deaf

— AT —

St. Luke's Lutheran Church

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Saturday, Dec. 26, 1914

AT 8 P. M.

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